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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME 41. CHICAGO, AUGUST 11, 1898. NUMBER 24.

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"The sun does not shine for the few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain top waves its sombre boughs and cries, 'Thou art my sun.'

"And the little meadow violet lifts up its cup of blue and whispers with its perfumed breath, 'Thou art my sun.' And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, 'Thou art my sun.'

"So God sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or low that he may not look up with childish confidence and say, 'My Father, Thou art mine.'"

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.

Chicago.

1891. **Tower Hill** 1898.

Summer Homes and Summer School

August 13-28, 1898.

TOWER HILL is a resort without "resorters." It is a place where there is nothing to be seen but scenery—restful and varied. Nobody to entertain you unless you can entertain yourself. Nothing to hear sweeter that the song of the whip-poor-will. Nothing to eat but plain food. Country milk and vegetables from the company's garden. Nothing to drink but the purest water, drawn from the Potsdam sandstone, distributed through an efficient system of waterworks, chilled when desired by pure ice from the company's ice house. Nothing to wear but plain dresses, to be changed only when dirty, unless you want to be out of the fashion.

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Spring Green, the nearest railway station, express office and post-office, is situated on the Prairie du Chien Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R., thirty-five miles west of Madison.

The property is owned and controlled by the Tower Hill Pleasure Company. The improvements consist of barns, ice-house, dining-room, pavilion for public meetings, (furnished with piano and organ), long houses, private cottages, etc.

The Tower Hill Smmmer School.

Ninth Season.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, CONDUCTOR.

This is held at this place August 13-28, 1898. The programme for 1898 offers a course of five lectures on Sociological Fiction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, viz.: Aurora Leigh, Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Felix Holt, George Eliot; Marcella and Sir George Tressaday, Mrs. Humphrey Ward; "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy, and "Altruria," by W. D. Howells.

Studies in English poetry every forenoon under the leadership of Mr. Jones, Life Problems in Great Poems, Course of Lectures on Forestry in the afternoons. Elective studies in Geology, Ornithology, etc. There will be a farmer's day, August 13; Young People's Sunday, August 21; and Annual Grove Meeting, August 28.

The management undertakes to create an atmosphere that is free, non-sectarian, earnest but restful, seeking that intellectual life that recreates and fits for work.

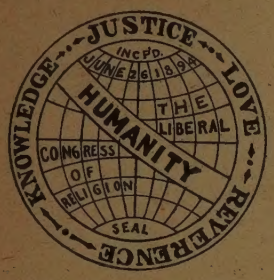
> "I am not only surprised but gratified to find the depth and largeness of the work of this school. There is so much going on that you cannot know of everything, and you only know of things by seeing them. Hundreds of others have heard of this school up here, but one has to come to see it to know what it means. It is now well started, well laid out, well planned, and years of growth are before it."
>
> REV. HIRAM W. THOMAS, D. D., in his closing address before the School of '97.

Terms.

Registration fee, giving the holder the privilege of all the exercises of the Summer School for two weeks, $2.00; single admission for day or evening lectures, 25 cents; family tickets admitting all the members of one family to any or all exercises, $4.00. Board at Tower Hill, single meals, 25 cents; per week, $3.50. Room in Long Houses for two, with necessary furnishing, per week, $3.00; the same for season, from July 1 to September 14, $20.00. Accommodations in tent, the same by the week or for the season as above. The Tower Hill buckboard meets all trains at Spring Green, when notified; single ride, 25 cents; trunks, 25 cents extra. Parties of five or more can hire buckboard for driving at the rate of ten cents each per hour. All applications for tents should be made early to T. R. Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis.; for board and long houses to Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, Spring Green, Wis.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1898. NUMBER 24.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"On the wild rose tree
Many buds there be.
Yet each sunny hour
Hath one perfect flower.
Thou who would'st be wise,
Open wide thine eyes—
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower."

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Those of our readers who attended the Parliament of Religions, and many who are acquainted with the literature of Unitarianism abroad, will be interested in the announcement that Prof. Bonet-Maury, of the University of Paris, is at the present time giving a course of twelve lectures on "The History of the Struggle for Liberty of Conscience in France and the Slavic Nations," giving them at the rate of four lectures a week. We hope that our genial friend will be heard elsewhere in this country, and that he will tarry with us a while. We welcome him to America be his stay long or short.

At last Germany has lost its "Grand Old Man," Prince Bismark, who has been well called "The Arm of Iron in Europe." There now remains of the venerable trio in European statesmanship but the alert, though aged, Pope Leo of Rome. No one will challenge Bismark's greatness, and that he was great in many ways will also be gladly conceded, but may we hope that he was great with an antique greatness. Germany needs not a successor to Bismark, but a man with Bismark's power, integrity and loyalty, who will believe as Bismark did not, in the power of ideas, the gospel of democracy, the religion of humanity. His was the greatness of the cannon. Germany awaits one who will be great with the greatness of the ballot.

An indignation meeting was recently held under the auspices of the American Liberty League protesting against recent rulings of the State Board of Health of Illinois concerning medical licenses. The sentiment of the protest seemed to be that anybody and everybody had a right to advertise themselves as doctors and practice what they please and as they please. Of course, compulsory vaccination and similar hygienic precautions came in for their share of opposition. This is a delicate and difficult question, one in which ignorance, prejudice and selfish interests may work much harm to individuals and to the community, but that civilization means some respect to the concensus of the most competent, goes without the saying, and society has a right to protect its most helpless members from the depredations of the ignorant, the dishonest and the deluded. We know not where the line is to be drawn, but there is need of action somewhere, and the world is not going back in these matters but it is going forward.

The English Church is not yet dead and is not going to die while it has within its borders men who dare face the new problems of religion as they are being brought out by the civilization of to-day, which demands that religion should express itself more and more in terms of sociology rather than in terms of theology. It is a well known fact that much of the life blood of the Fabian Society of London flows through the veins of the younger clergy of the Episcopal Church. Largely through their courage and activity the word "socialism" in England connotes a method of study, perhaps a scientific theory rather than as here social rebellion, intellectual crudity and class prejudice. The last surprise of the English Church that has come to our notice is the action of the Dean of Norwich in adopting the hint of the Salvation Army by establishing a "self-denial week." Needing a thousand pounds for a new Cathedral organ he has called upon all people of his diocese to abstain from alcohol, tobacco and all dispensable luxuries for a week, and to present the saving to the organ fund. How big a sum, but how difficult to realize it, would that be in some of our American churches.

Professor Knight, the great Wordsworthian scholar, who visited this country a few months ago, has recently donated to Dove cottage, the Wordsworthian home at Grassmere, the priceless

Wordsworth relics in his possession, including the various editions of Wordsworth's poems, relics, portraits, sketchings, engravings, original manuscripts, and more than two thousand letters from men of note concerning Wordsworth and his works. Rev. Stopford Brooke was right in his letter of acknowledgment on behalf of the trustees when he said, as reported in the London *Enquirer*, "The gift will bring you thanks from all parts of England, the Colonies and the United States of America, for Dove Cottage is no longer unknown to distant lands. It occupies as a goal of pilgrimage a place in this country second only to Stratford-on-Avon." Thus it is that the spirit of the gentle Wordsworth goes marching on conquering the spirit of sham, the fever of ambition, the tyranny of convention, in the interests of the simplicity of nature, the native nobility of the human soul, the divinity of common things.

We are glad to quote from the *Universalist Leader* the following clear sentences which seem to us to be high utterances concerning the present problems now resting upon our government:

"To Spain's suit for peace our response should be instant and generous. We wish Spain could know that this nation neither hates her nor wants to go on an international junket at her expense.

The tone of exultation which so many of our esteemed contemporaries indulge in view of the probability that the United States may henceforth mix and meddle in the affairs of Europe, implies that heretofore we have been not only separated from the other great powers but inferior to them. Here is the root fallacy. Our independence of their affairs has contributed directly and powerfully to the maintenance of a higher standard of international politics. To enter into that combination would be to step down. We have learned that the great European powers watch each other with suspicion; and when any of them makes a move the others never think of attributing it to any high or humane motive; they refer it to self-interest and national ambition. Ruskin has set it down in indelible characters,—"the mean capacity and the meaner pride which the nations of Europe now call patriotism."

The Universalists are rejoicing over the great success of their Young Peoples' Union at its recent national convention held in Chicago. In this rejoicing there seems to be an element of surprise that the meeting held so far from the center of gravity of the denomination should have achieved so much, for Universalism like Unitarianism, denominationally speaking, is still suspected by many to be a New England notion in the main. Perhaps it is with denominations as with trees—the greatest life lies on the outer circle, the new wood is the live wood.

We print this week the farewell sermon of Rev. J. T. Sunderland, which was delivered to the Unitarian Church of Ann Arbor, July 3rd. At the end of twenty years Mr. Sunderland severs his connection under circumstances altogether pleasant and complimentary both to pastor and people, and he goes in accordance to the dictates of wisdom, as he thinks, to the Oakland Church of California, where with new surroundings and fresh audiences, and profiting by the accumulated experience of these long years, he may carry on a still larger work. Mr. Sunderland's ministry at Ann Arbor is almost co-terminus with the life of this paper. He was its first editor, but at the end of the first six months he had to relinquish the editorship on account of his removal to Ann Arbor. During these twenty years Mr. Sunderland and this paper have represented conflicting opinions, and at times there has been sharp conflict. Time has wrought out the solution of those old discussions in a way not expected by either side, indeed the solution is not yet worked out. Endless questions are never closed. But all these years this paper has been glad to bear testimony to Mr. Sunderland's sincerity and ability. The value of his work at this university town has been immeasurable, and he has carried it on with a wisdom and an energy that is in the annals of Western Unitarianism unparalleled. We congratulate the people of Oakland. We sympathize with the parish at Ann Arbor, and bid cordial God speed to the man who carries to the Pacific the experience acquired in the Mississippi Valley, there to reinvest it. May it prove a most profitable investment and a happy change. The man who comes to Ann Arbor to take Mr. Sunderland's place will find a great opportunity made difficult by the high work of his predecessor.

A correspondent in a recent number of the *Advance* calls attention once more to the alarming fact that while girls outnumber the boys overwhelmingly in our Sunday Schools, the boys reach a greater majority in our reform schools, houses of correction, jails, etc. There is something the matter with our churches and our Sunday Schools and the society back of them. The difficulty is not explained by the inherent difference of temperament. The cigarette, the pipe, the saloon and the foul speech of the street have something to do with it, and we are not fighting these things directly in our churches and schools as much as we might because we have to give so much attention to the insincerities of the other denominations and the superiorities of our own. The competition among denominations keeps us so busy. The writer of this article refers us to Rev. S. T. Kidder, of Ripon, Wis., if we would know how one pastor is trying to work out this problem.

A vicious horse of good pedigree, we put to the plow. Possibly the Almighty follows some such rule, when people whose breeding entitles them to the higher things of life, but whose habits are low, are brought down to the commonest struggle for bread.

We clip the above from *Form*, "The Monthly Magazine of Society." The text of this little sermon is suggestive but the application is defective. Is it a bringing down of the horse when he is turned from viciousness to usefulness? Where are there

higher things than the common struggle for bread? Does not this phrase hold a high nobleness? Is not bread even in the lowest form not only the outcome but the exponent of civilization? The savage man ate no bread and the selfish man misses what bread brings. The bread of the body is inseparably associated with the bread of the soul. Unless one be eaten in integrity the other is not long forthcoming to the race.

The heat of Wisconsin politics invests the editor of this paper during these vacation issues. The Republican party of Wisconsin is being weighed in the balance, and all the indications are that the result will prove that it is found wanting. On the one hand the incumbent governor, the slowly perfected and money-motored machine of ex-Senator Sawyer, Congressman Babcock *et al*, and on the other hand the heroic, manly independence of Robert LaFollette, R. L. Joiner and their associates. LaFollette and his associates are as loyal to the Republican traditions and standards as their opponents, but they are on the outside without a barrel and against the venerable machine, lined with corporation money and bound with the iron bands of trusts. The farmers throughout the State recognize the moral issue and their ethical sense could be trusted did they have a chance to express it at the polls. Were the issue at the polls LaFollette vs. Slocum for Governor, the man who stands for independence and integrity and opposition to the enroachment of unscrupulous capital would be elected by an overwhelming majority, but the pity of it is that this issue will never reach the polls. It will be solved at the caucus and the convention where not the majority but the more skilled win, and the very patriotism of these Republican farmers will compel them to vote for the wrong Republican rather than for the right Democrat, should haply such a one be in the field, lest "national interests" suffer. The pathos of the situation is touching. We echo the farmers cry, "What can we do about it?" It is a cry which no one has yet answered satisfactorily. It is the unsolved problem of American democracy, a problem which no valor of armies nor skill of navies can answer. Here is a question more pressing and more perplexing than the Spanish question. While confessing that the ultimate solution is out of sight to us, we can only urge, while the solution is being evolved, the value of the independent in politics as in religion. Not the "party right or wrong" any more than the country right or wrong. Parties die, countries may die, but right endures. There are no interests local or national in party or sect greater than the interests of honesty and personal integrity. In these days as always the stalwart citizen is the greatest patriot. The incorruptible man is the hero. There is still a Biblical blessing awaiting the man who "sweareth to his own hurt."

Work.

The vacation word and fact as they come to ministers, school teachers, students and a small proportion of the favored in cities, are apt to give a false twist to the thinking of many during the midsummer months. As a matter of fact, nothing stops during these months except the schools, and perhaps the churches. The tireless shuttles of the universe are more busy in their noiseless weaving of the beautiful fabric of being during these two months than in any other months of the year. Nature takes no vacation. If vacation means indolence, certainly not, then, in the months of July and August are you to look for it. In these days corn fields change from silk to ripeness. Plums turn from green to gold, from the hardness of the stone to the toothsome mellowness that makes them the most tempting fruit of the woods. In these months nature fringes the fields with her golden rod, and spangles the marshes with cardinal blossoms. Everything from sedges to oaks are toiling towards seed time. These are the months of burdened harvest responsibilities. The lazy mind finds no warrant in woods or in meadow. Work is the song of the wind, the story of the grass, the message of the field. Whoever else is idle, nature keeps at it these days. Indeed, the God that "rested on the seventh day" saying "all is finished," is a dead god, a god that never was. He is a myth, a misunderstanding of the tireless God whose methods are those of the "unhasting and unresting stars." What is true of nature is true of human nature in the main. While a few fagged women of the city are lolling in listless hammocks by lakeside or seaside, their toiling sisters in country places are up with the sun, cooking, churning, milking and washing, hoeing and mending, and their husbands and brothers are burdened with unrelenting tasks. The blackberries fresh from the woods are delicious, but to see the faded women tearing faded dresses and scratching toil-stiffened hands in picking those berries, adds a new element to the flavor. Truly, how little one part of the world knows how another part lives. How hard to realize except by those who are near it and of it, how much work there is connected with the haying, the harvesting, the threshing, the potato hoeing and potato digging, butter and cheese making, and all the other makings of a farm and forest upon which our daily life is dependent.

If then, nature knows no rest, and if the nature of civilized man can scarcely cease from toil, surely the head cannot go on a long furlough. So deter-

mined is nature that man shall not be the fool he sometimes wants to be, that it has made a large portion of the functions of the brain automatic. We cannot stop it if we will. Indeed, the well ordered mind resents indolence, and the individual who tries to take a vacation from thought will probably make a bad mess of it. The mind is rested only when it is mind-full of restful thoughts and beautiful ideals.

Still less need we expect to find a point in time or space where conscience may cease its work. Duty is as persistent and inevitable as gravitation. This world can get along without sunlight as easily as it can get along without love-light. Here as elsewhere there is no rest in idleness. The selfish man or woman will return home tired although he may have been swinging in the hammock all summer. It is tiresome work to be mean, it not only tires oneself but tires everbody else. The mean man or woman is sand in the box. They increase the friction of the wheels, they make it harder to move the carriage. Much of the friction of the world springs from the sluggishness of conscience. A kind heart will drive away a pestilence and rob the contagion of its terror. A noble work unfinished will even hold back the death angel. The irritating thing about so much of vacation hunting is that it is supremely selfish, so conscious of self and unconscious of others. Let those who go in search of rest take their consciences with them. Indeed, many folks who have to stay at home might have a delightful vacation if they would only invite their consciences to come into their homes and their lives to spend it with them. Conscience is a great and blessed doctor. If work, then, is so inevitable, how important it is that we should know what we work for. First let us recognize that there is no moral value in mere accumulation, no spiritual credit which the successful can necessarily claim over those who are deemed unsuccessful. Morally the man of two talents that made it four is the peer in every respect of the man of five talents who made it ten. The Lord of the harvest honors faithfulness, not efficiency. To him, the scarred though empty hands are more dear than the dainty, unmarred hands however full. Let no one then be proud of anything but the discipline of effort, the consolations of having tried, the diligence of the struggle. Whatever else has been added life is a responsibility from which perchance we may not shrink, but of which we must not boast.

Work! Work! All are poor who have exhausted energies, all are rich who have uninvested resources, whether they be those that can coin smiles or dimes, be their wealth in lands or ideas, words or acres, they must use them.

A Beneficent War.

The real American temper that is developed by the war struggle is something that we may consider with great satisfaction. There has been no bloodthirstiness, war love expressed, but a strong determination to enforce the demands of humanity and a higher civilization. We can not but believe that much has been done already to break up the crystallization of the money spirit into national character. For forty years we have been bowing down to capital. At last capital conceived itself supreme; but what was worse, its supremacy did not lie in legislation alone, and in politics, but in national sentiment. We had lost the old heroic sentiment that nerved our fathers of one hundred years ago. We now see that this spirit of love for freedom and for humanity was not destroyed but only suppressed. The consequences will be far-reaching. The American people had been roused to act, think, suffer, for nobler ends than replenishing their pockets. The next generation of young men and young women will have higher aspirations. Our politics will be inspired to accomplish something better than the aggregation of capital. All this will react upon Europe, and if we do not misread the signs Bourbonism will have another blow and the rights of the people another endorsement. If European governments are willing to hold conferences until the Armenians are obliterated, let it now be understood that the Americans are of another mind. Beware Bourbonism both in politics and in trade.

It was to be expected that a few of the American clergy would hold to the idea that war being inherently wrong, it could not be excusable for ministers to preach it the duty of the country to Cuba. The mistake arose from the supposition that our interference in Cuba is primarily war. It is not war, it is the defense of our neighbor's lives and rights. If war issue from it, it is not our fault. Mr. McKinley has done right in compelling the declaration of war to fall upon the Spaniards themselves. Bishop Paret, of Maryland, has advised his clergymen not to meddle with questions of peace and war. To this the *Outlook* properly answers: "Ought we to sit silently and see the terrible tragedy go on with its starvation of noncombatants as a military policy? Ought we to interfere? If so in what spirit? For humanity or national aggrandizement and addition to national territory? If these are not moral and religious questions, will Bishop Paret tell us what questions are moral and religious?" It properly suggests that the Bible rightly looked at is a book of war —for God and man. E. P. P.

The gradual descent from a spiritual height to a practical level is, at best, a strain under which the godliest nature quivers.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The Loom of Life.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As tireless the wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom,
In the light of day and midnight gloom,
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, Clack! there's a thread of love wove in;
Click, Clack! another of wrong and sin!
What a checkered thing this life will be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with arms outspread
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps in one,
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you or I;
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weavers, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer to the end, I know;
And some day the last thread shall be woven in—
God grant it be love instead of sin.

Are we spinners of wool in this life-web—say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better, then, O, my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin!

—*Selected.*

Liquor in the Army.

The contrast between the order of General Miles against the use of intoxicants by soldiers exposed to the hardships of the Cuban campaign, and the order of the Spanish captains that extra grog should be served to the sailors to fortify them for the fight or flight in Santiago Harbor, furnishes timely support to a remarkable report made by the House Committee on the Alcoholic Liquor Traffic, just before the adjournment of Congress. The report in question is a unanimous one in favor of the bill introduced by Congressman Ellis, of Oregon, "To prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors on Reservations and in buildings controlled by the United States." This is a measure for which Congress has received petition after petition from all parts of the country, and the present Committee report that, after giving the matter careful consideration they have reached the unanimous conclusion "that but few, if any, reasons exists why the United States Goverment should engage in the liquor traffic, even to the extent of legalizing or permitting the sale of intoxicants within its immigrant stations, soldiers' homes, military posts, or any other building under its control."

The first paragraph of the report urges that this reform shall begin at the Capitol in Washington. "To the average mind," it says, "it seems inconsistent that the Congress of the United States should enact laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicants within a certain specific distance of a schoolhouse or church in the District of Columbia, or within one mile of the Soldiers' Home of the District," when at the same time "it is not necessary to go outside of the four walls of the building wherin these laws are enacted in order to purchase any and all kinds of intoxicating liquors." "It may be said," the Committee admits, "that such sales are in violation of existing laws; but these existing laws are hopelessly, if not purposely, ambiguous, and "in order to remove any doubt that may exist, the American Congress should not hesitate to pass a law which should say to our country in no uncertain terms, Intoxicants are not necessary incentives to needed and wholesome legislation."

The report is not less urgent that the Government should do away with the present system of permitting the sale of beer at the immigrant stations. The committee quotes testimony to the effect that it is a common sight for young immigrants to be very much the worse for liquor on the afternoon of the morning on which they landed, though they have not been out of the immigrant station. The parties having the monopoly of the sale of provisions at the Barge office, it is said, in spite of the promises which they have made again and again, are selling no tea, coffee, or milk, though women and children are kept there for hours. The sale of beer is the profitable traffic, and nothing but beer is to be had. Every prominent official at the New York Barge Office agrees that "it would be far better" if this sale were stopped. Dr. Senner, the Chief Commissioner, a German and not a total abstainer, declares that all the trouble he had with his employees there arises from liquor. Mr. McSweeny, the Assistant Commissioner, says that if he had his way, not a drop more would be sold. The testimony of the missionaries at work there is of course strongly on the same side. No reason, therefore, apparently exists why the Government should continue the system of serving these immigrants with that which only injures and degrades them.

Not less important is the recommendation concerning the sale of liquor in the Soldiers' Homes and in the army camps. Official statistics are printed showing that about one-tenth of the pensions paid to the soldiers in the Homes is expended in the beer-halls directly connected with them. At the beer-hall at Hampton, according to the testimony, from early morning until four o'clock in the afternoon a "long parade is drawn up," which marches steadily onward, and is reviewed by old soldiers handing out the beer to their comrades as fast as it can be drawn by the men back of the bar. The expenditures at these halls, however, represent but a part of the loss to the soldiers, for the liquor sold in the Homes creates the appetite for stronger liquor and worse dissipation outside of the gates.

But the Homes for the old soldiers are now of less concern than the military posts in which the younger soldiers are being schooled for the National defense. The canteen system, says the report, should be abolished. On this subject it quotes the testimony of Major-General Howard, who speaks as follows:

Ever since the prospect of sending an army to our Southern border and probably to Cuba has been made apparent to me, my mind has reverted to the necessity of letting every officer and soldier know that alcohol will not help the digestion, and that alcoholic drink will be the best possible means to produce unfitness for service—unfitness to endure the miasma of

swamps and the dangers from yellow fever. I have conversed with excellent physicians who say that there need be no unusual exposure in the campaigns, proposed or prospective, if proper hygienic precautions be taken, which includes abstinence from liquors.

This testimony of General Howard is not the outcome of his persolal bias in favor of temperance. Lord Wolseley, the British Commander-in-Chief, has recently made experiments with the British army in India to ascertain the relative effects of alcohol and total abstinence upon the endurance of the troops, and his conclusions do not differ from those of General Howard. Some of the regiments were served with no liquor at all, others with beer alone, and others with whisky, after the fashion of the Spanish and British sailors. It was found that the first effect of the whisky rations was to add to the impetuosity with which the soldiers would engage in an attack, but that in a few days the regiments stimulated in this way began to show notable signs of lassitude and lack of spirit. On the other hand, the men who had been kept from every kind of stimulant increased in staying power, alertness, and vigor as the campaign progressed.

The result of these experiments, says the Boston "Watchman," to whose columns we are indebted for out information concerning these English experiments, has led the British War Department, in its regulations for the troops now engaged in the Soudan campaign, to restrict the use of liquor to the men sick in the hospitals. Spirits, wine, and beer have been debarred from the officers' messtable as well as from the soldiers' canteens, and from generals to drummer-boys the regimen has been tea and oatmeal-water. To the total abstinence thus enforced is attributed the endurance shown by the men in making the extraordinary marches across the desert.

In this matter the United States should continue to keep in advance of Great Britain. In the navy we lead. Years ago we abandoned the daiiy grog ration to the sailors. England still continues it, though orders have recently been issued that instead of giving double grog rations when preparing for battle, no liquor whatever should be served on days when fighting was to be done. The clear-headedness of our sailors in their recent engagements, the precision of their marksmanship, and their bravery and enthusiasm during action, alike show that what makes the best man makes the best warrior.—*The Outlook.*

Fate.

One ship drives east, and another drives west
With the selfsame winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sails,
And not the gales,
Which tell us the way they go.
Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate;
As we voyage along through life,
'Tis the set of a soul
That decides its goal,
And not the calm, or the strife.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of Philosophy.—*Voltaire.*

A noble nature soon takes its proper rank and exerts its purifying influence.—*L. M. Alcott.*

The New South.

I recently spent a few days at the Sanitarium in Battle Creek; it is an immense institution, the nucleus of a vast number of branches, scattered all over all the continents and the islands of the sea, under the direction of the Seventh Day Adventists.

In the summer there are always many guests from the South, and it seemed to me an unusual number this hot season, not all Adventists by any means, but it seems a favorite resort for Southerners. I fell in with several who interested me very much.

I had a good deal of conversation with one woman from Texas. Her views and her growth away from the old ideas of the South, as I had known it in former years, interested me greatly. Her room was near mine, and we spent much time together on the upper gallery, (as we used always to call an upper porch in Mississippi when I lived there) which overlooks a beautiful park of animated humanity, where the health-seekers disport themselves. She was a woman of the old regime, and had evidently been a woman of wealth, born an inheritor of slaves and the system of slavery. She had married a slaveholder and had lived all her life a slaveholder, till the great change came and Lincoln struck the shackles from the slaves, and, as she said, "all we possessed went with them. We were worse than utterly poor." She wondered that we Northerners ever could have regarded the "niggers" as white folks in a social way, as we advocated it as a duty." "Now, tell me," she said one day, "do you believe they were ever meant to be our equals? I believe God made them different. They were happier as slaves." And yet she showed in the association of which she spoke from day to day, a familiarity in which we of the North never indulge nor felt an inclination to indulge. She said, however, that she was most thankful for this growing friendliness between the North and the South—this breaking down of old prejudices. She was glad, she said, that slavery was at an end; though it reduced them from comfort to poverty and distress that I could not imagine. Slavery ought never to have been, but the South was no more to blame for its existence than the North. In her remarks one day she exclaimed: "I consider Abraham Lincoln the greatest American that has lived since our government was established; I place him above Washington. Indeed, I believe above any man that ever lived, in some respects," and I never heard encomiums passed upon his character, with a fuller understanding of what they meant, than she passed upon our blessed Lincoln, referring when she talked of him, to that very Christ-like speech of his containing the immortal sentence: "With charity for all, with malice toward none, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right."

Sometimes I could hardly keep back the tears; it was like talking with a personal friend—her feeling in speaking of him.

One day she exclaimed, "And I consider Grant a great man, too, an honest man—most sincere and unpretentious, and a true Republican. Once I did not think so, but I do now as I understand his character better." And she showed great familiarity with his biography, with the history of

his military feats and plans; but she said his letters from abroad were the best illustration of his true character—his sincerity and unpretentious bearing among the great men of Europe. He was a true American.

But when we came to speak of the present war her old prejudices returned. She was not at all in favor of the war. We had no business to meddle with Cuba or the Philippine Islands. She said, "Let them alone." She did not believe any good would ever come of this war.

I asked her if we had not business with all human beings with whom we came in contact, to secure for all men, as far as it was in our power, humane treatment? The Cubans were our neighbors—we were almost within sound of their cries of distress and oppression; how could we fail to reach out to them a helping hand? "But we could not help them all," she said. "The best we could do for some was to wish them well, and let them grow themselves out of any wrong they were suffering. She did not believe the "niggers" were a race equal to the white race. All men were not born equal in mind or talents. That immortal sentence of our great Declaration was a myth—a mere dash of words of eloquence and oratory.

We discussed a long time the difference of their being equal in the rights of opportunity, and equal in talents, and the obligation we are under to help them and all in like situation with them, to that opportunity that was their right—"to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," as I understood it. That was a God-inspired idea, and that was the equality for which I contended. She could not quite take it in, according to my understanding, when it touched the "niggers;" but there had been, as I saw, a wonderful evolution in the views of all Southerners that I had an opportunity to hear express themselves, for which I thank God. I could not have imagined the change.

One day she suddenly burst out with, "What church do you belong to?"

"The People's Church," I replied.

"I thought you did," she said. "You talk just like my daughter. She's for the people, always."

"Yes," I said, "I am by inheritance for the people, a democrat—not a party Democrat, but a real one—and a heretic."

The blood of the martyrs and the heretics both run in my veins; the blood of the people are in the veins of that man who wrote the hymn, "God Save the People," and I repeated to her the first verse of it:

"When wilt thou save the people?
O, God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass like weeds away,—
Their heritage a sunless day.
God save the people."

Saying, "I have been searching to find a truly patriotic tune for this hymn of the plebian blacksmith poet, who was one of my kin on one side, and on the other, I was told when a child that I might claim the heretic and martyr, Anne Hutchinson, as kin.

"I used to say when a child, that Roger Williams, who gave her shelter and protection in her banishment, was the first man that I should ask to see when I got to heaven; but I think now that I shall ask for Abraham Lincoln, your ideal man."

But the people are coming to the front, and have been, though very slowly, for ages.

We await the invention of a sub-soil plow to bring them, the real people, to their rightful place.

Abraham Lincoln never uttered a greater, more inspiring sentence than his Gettysburg prophecy of the coming time when "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

I was most thankful for my unexpectedly making the acquaintance of a Southern woman of the new time. I hope the new Southern president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs will realize her great opportunity. MRS. L. H. STONE.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded with a slee."
—*Shakespeare.*

TO THE EDITOR OF NEW UNITY:

I hope the suggestive letter of Fanny S. Watrous in THE NEW UNITY of July 21st will receive the consideration which it deserves and which the subject demands.

Observant, thoughtful people have long been exercised on the subject of Capital Punishment; but, as on many another, the aphorism, "The strongest force in human affairs is inertia" has been verified, and the wickedness has continued in default of action.

Is it not quite time that humane, not to say Christian, people, should revise their theological ideas of the means and methods of salvation for the future life? Also that they should seriously consider whether a deliberate, cold-blooded *legalized* murder is not worse in its ultimate effect on both criminal and community than the original crime, (often committed in the heat of passion without criminal intent) which the punishment is intended to expiate?

And this suggests the question should punishment *ever* be retaliatory or vindictive? I am quite sure that it should *never* be other than reformatory.

Confine the criminal, if necessary, in solitude; furnish work and interesting, wholesome, profitable reading, and sooner or later "the still, small voice" will whisper to the conscience which God has implanted in every human being, and a soul may be saved to itself, to its loved ones and to the world. SUSAN LOOK AVERY.

Wyoming, N. Y., Aug. 1, 1898.

The death of the body is the unavoidable condition of every instant of life. While a man lives he should look upon each hour of his life as a respite granted him by favor.—*Tolstoi.*

You are just taking leave of the world, and yet you have not done with unnecessary desires. Are you not yet above disturbance and suspicion, and fully convinced that nothing without can hurt you? You have not yet learned to be friends with everybody, and that to be an honest man is the only way to be a wise one.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

The Study Table.

Little Books.

Of the value of little books daintily painted with choice text there may be some doubt. The undersized, the cheap price, even the daintiness of print and binding suggest things transitory and things that are not quite strong enough to go alone in the plain page of a solid book, so it may seem to some minds hardly fair to a permanent word to treat it thus, but we are not unmindful of what may be said on the other side, and so we will not be surprised if our readers decide in favor of the little book. Once such decision is made, there can be to doubt but that our friend and frequent contributor, James H. West of Boston, is a master in producing them. We have often called attention to his publications, particularly to the Life Series that began with William C. Gannett's "House Beautiful." The eighth and ninth of the series, the latest out are before us, "Love Does It All," by Ida Lemon Hildyard, and "What Are You Doing Here," by Abraham Conklin. They are not books to be "reviewed." Their brevity, clearness and sweetness must be taken in their own complete self. You do not want a review of the Sermon on the Mount or Paul's hymn to love. You simply want to read them and read them again, and still read them and keep them by you. These two little books, which reflect the spirit and pass on the wisdom of these great classics of the spirit, are to be treated in the same manner. We do not know of more comfort, guidance and inspiration put up into fifty cent packages than are to be found in the little books which constitute the Life Series published by James H. West, of Boston.

Any new book on Abraham Lincoln* is welcome and every book is prized. Many books have been written and more are to come. If a little book, vest pocket size, is ever justified it is justified here, where four of Lincoln's great deliverances are presented in full. Fifteen or eighteen extracts from other speeches, ten letters, and the famous "lost speech," under the inspiration of which the Republican party was born, at least in Illinois. The speech was of the kind that all the reporters "lost their heads" and forgot to take notes, and all the earlier books speak of it as a "lost speech," but *McClure's Magazine* in 1896 surprised all Lincoln students by presenting the speech in full as restored from the notes of a young lawyer, H. C. Whitney, who managed to keep his pencil going throughout the address. Mr. Whitney does not claim that it is a verbatim report, but so high an authority as Joseph Medill, who heard the speech says that "the report is close enough in thought and word to recall the wonderful speech delivered forty years ago with vivid freshness." At this date and through this imperfect medium the speech glows. Altogether the book with the pathetic face for a frontispiece is a desirable little book to have and to give. If one would know of Lincoln, these small one hundred and sixty-six pages of Lincoln's own words are better than many books about Lincoln written by others.

*ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—In the Little Masterpiece Series, edited by Miss Bliss. New York: Doubleday & McClure. 30 cents.

The Birth of Yankee Doodle.

The origin of our battle march is attributed to two widely different sources. It is asserted that it was first written in Greek, the words "Iankhe Doule" meaning "Let the slave rejoice." It originated long before the American Revolution, and many doggerel rhymes have been sung to it. The opening verse,—

> "Nankee Doule came to town
> Upon a kentish pony;
> He stuck a feather in his hat,
> And called him Macaroni,"

was sung in the time of Charles I., to ridicule Cromwell.

The second explanation of how "Yankee Doodle" came into existence is that the tune was first used with the words of an old nursery rhyme called "Kitty Fisher's Jig":

> "Lucy Lockett lost her pocket,
> Kitty Fisher found it;
> Not a bit of money in it,
> Only a binding round it."

Kitty Fisher was a real personage, a famous beauty in the time of Charles II.

In those days, pockets were bags sewed into the outside of the garment.

France and Spain have both claimed the jingle, and it is asserted that in Holland when laborers received as wages a tenth of the grain and as much milk as they could drink, they sang:

> "Yankee dudel, doodle down,
> Diddle, dudle, lanther,
> Yankee biver, boover, bown,
> Botermilk and tanther."

The tune was introduced as an American national air by a British surgeon during the French and Indian war. The ridiculous appearance of the colonial soldiers made the name Yankee Doodle seem specially applicable to them, an application, however, which amused rather than annoyed them; and the rollicking old air, with its equally rollicking words, became America's most valued battle song.

Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all who work and wish.—*Lord Stanley.*

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. He is rich according to what he is, not according to what he has.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Not a true thought, a pure resolve, or a loving act, has ever gone forth in vain.—*Robertson.*

He surely is in want of another's patience who has none of his own.—*Lavater.*

Are you aware, that when a passage in a book is hard to understand, that if you will sit down and copy it, two or three times if necessary, the meaning will be almost sure to become gradually apparent?

> Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
> That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
> —*Cowper*

> "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

Unspoken Sympathy.

He was a big, burly, good-natured conductor on a country railroad and he had watched them with much interest as they got on the train. There were two handsome, round-faced, rosy-cheeked boys and three sunny-haired, pretty little girls of various sizes and ages. A grave, kind-looking gentlemen, evidently their guardian, got in with them; and the conductor's attention was soon caught by the fact that the apparently eager conversation was carried on by means of a deaf-and-dumb alphabet, the gentleman joining in so pleasantly that the conductor beamed on him with approval. Naturally kindhearted himself, it pleased him to see this trait in others. But his honest eyes were misty as he thought of his own noisy crowd of youngsters at home and contrasted them with this prim little company who smiled and gestcuilated, but made no sound.

It was plain they were off on a holiday jaunt, for they all had satchels and were a festive, "go away" all; and the conductor, whose fancy played about them continually, settled it in his mind that they belonged to some asylum and were going with their teacher for their vacation trip. He couldn't help watching them and nodding to them as he passed through the car; they returned his greeting in kind, being cheerful little souls, and he began to look forward with regret to the time of parting.

At length, at one of the rural stations, the gentleman kissed the young ones hurriedly all around and got off the train. They leaned out the windows and waved enthusiastic farewells as the car moved on; then the biggest "little girl" took a brown-paper bag from her satchel and distributed crackers in even shares. The conductor, in passing, smiled and nodded as usual, as the little girl held out the paper bag to him.

"Do have some," she said.

He started back in sheer amazement.

"What!" he exclaimed; "you can talk, then—all of you?"

"Of course!" they all cried in chorus.

The conductor sank into a seat across the aisle. "I thought you were deaf and dumb!" he gasped.

"Oh, how funny!" cried one of the little boys. "Why, that was Uncle Jack, poor fellow. He was born that way. We wouldn't talk while he was with us; it might hurt his feelings, you know. Hello! here's our station. Come on, girls!" and the five trooped noisily out and waved their handkerchiefs from the platform as the train moved on. —*Belle Moses, in January St. Nicholas.*

What I must do, is all that concerns me, not what people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson.*

Nature, through all her works, in great degree, borrows a blessing from variety.—*Churchill.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up the voice with strength; be not afraid."

"Saved by Hope."

A FAREWELL SERMON PREACHED BY J. T. SUNDERLAND TO THE UNITARIAN CHURCH OF ANN ARBOR, MICH., JULY 3, 1898.

As I stand in this pulpit for the last time as pastor of this church, what shall be my text, and what my theme?

I think I cannot choose a text more worthy of consideration, or suggesting a line of thought more helpful, than the words of St. Paul, found in Rom. VIII. 24, "We are saved by hope."

Perhaps it would have been easiest and most natural for us all to turn our thoughts this morning in the direction of memories.

For one to stand at the end of a ministry of twenty years and look back, is to see a whole ocean of memories rising up and filling the view, —an ocean with its waves of separate memories, more than can be numbered, rolling in and breaking at one's feet.

To your pastor at least, the recollections of these years which we have spent together as pastor and people, are very dear and very holy. Nor can I doubt that to you, too, many of the memories which we share in common are precious and sacred.

I do not ask you to think of these memories lightly. Rather are they to be cherished as gifts of God. All sweet recollections of the past, all recollections of associations with those who are dear to us, all memories of those events in our history which have been helpful and good, are treasures to be prized and preserved, and not to be lightly lost.

But recollections of the past may be used in two ways. One is, to dwell upon them and live in them weakly and morbidly, and thus let them absorb our strength which is needed for present duty, and draw our attention away from the future whose claims demand us. This is evil.

The other way is, to make the past an inspiration and an incentive for the present and the future. This is good. Recollections of what has been may well be accepted as pledges and prophesies of what may be. Memories should not be dwelt upon as substitutes for hopes. They should be used to kindle hopes. I ask you to-day to let all your memories of the past feed the fires of your hope for the future. For dear as memories may be, it is by hope that we must live.

Hope is one of the most conspicuous words of the Bible, both in the Old Testament and the New. * * * *

But if hope is one of the conspicuous words of the Bible, it is also one of the charmed words of the world. All men have felt it to be a charmed word. And all men have loved it. Perhaps there are not above half a dozen words in the language that are loved so much, or that fall with anything like such sweetness upon the ears of the old and the young everywhere.

And no wonder. For hope is related to all finest things. Hope has kinship with the stars. Nay, in a very true sense it is a star—not a mate-

rial but an immaterial, not a physical but a spiritual star—shining forever above man, in his soul sky. And how dark would be his life without it! Hope has kinship with flowers; for are not flowers promises? And what is hope but God's word of eternal promise forever whispering within man's bosom? Hope has kinship with music. Wherever hope is, there men hear sweet melodies at midnight. Hope has kinship with mornings and springs. Morning is the hope portion of the day; and spring is the hope season of the year. Hope has kinship with sunshine. It *is* the sunshine of the soul, and is as necessary to the soul's life and health as physical sunshine is to the life and health of the body.

Wherever hope goes it wreaths faces in smiles; it makes steps elastic; it brightens eyes; it gives cheerfulness and resonance to the voice; it makes the heart beat faster and stronger; it transforms life and the world into something richer and more beautiful than either was before.

Hope is the charm of childhood. It is the glory of youth. It is the strength of manhood. It is the grace of old age.

Where hope abounds, there life is glad and vigorous. Where hope burns low, like a candle in its socket, there joy departs and all of life's activities become feeble.

My text says, "We are saved by hope." It is easy to see how this is so.

What is it that we need to be saved from in this world?

Of course, *many* things. Perhaps you say, first of all we need to be saved from temptation and sin. Granted. But how can we be saved from temptation and sin without hope? Is not hope the very first thing necessary? So long as a man has no hope that he can overcome temptation, there is no incentive; there is nothing to move him. So long as he has no hope that he can conquor his besetting sin, he will not try; he *cannot* try. But give him hope, and you give him power to begin a new life. Hence it is that great savers of men have always been great awakeners of hope. And he whom we call by pre-eminence *the* Savior, was above all others a kindler of hope—the greatest of all possible hopes—in the hearts of humanity. And in giving men new hope, he gave them new incentive, new will, new strength to stand erect, new power to be sons of God. This is the effect of the kindling of new hope in men always and everywhere.

But we all need to be saved from a great deal else besides that which we generally understand by sin and temptation. We need to be saved from fear. We need to be saved from discouragement. We need to be saved from self-distrust. We need to be saved from anxiety. We need to be saved from all those chills and shadows of the mind which darken our lives, and dampen our ardors, and rob us of joy and strength and peace.

What can save us here? Hope. Nothing else.

Hope drives away fear, as sunshine dispels shadows. Hope gives cheerfulness. When hope is in the heart it is as natural to smile and laugh and sing as for the birds to carol at mating time.

Hope leads to faith. There is no faith without hope. Hope simply runs before faith to prepare the way. Hope is the bright morning, of which faith is the day. Hope is the bud; faith is the blossom. Hope ploughs the ground and sows the seed for faith and love to reap their golden harvests. It is something like this, evidently, that the unknown author of the Epistle to the Hebrews means when he says: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for,"—just as the apple of October is the substance toward which the apple blooms of May point.

Hope lies at the basis of all philanthropy and all reform. It is only as we have hope of men, that we labor for their good. It is only as we have hope that better conditions for society are possible that we seek out such better conditions, and try to make them prevail. To be hopeless is to be nerveless. The man who despairs is fastened to the ground where he stands. He cannot advance, much less can he lead others in advance. Only he whose soul is stirred and fired with the thought that better things for the world ought to be and can be, ever leads the way to those better things.

Hope gives courage. The courageous deeds of the world are always done by the men whose eyes are on the future.

Hope gives strength. The mightiest man without hope is feeble. The weak man inspired with a great hope grows mighty.

Hope gives endurance. So long as hope within us is strong, it is easy to persevere, to overcome obstacles, to bear burdens, to endure hardships. But when hope dies, then it is that we falter and lose heart, and give up in despair.

Hope gives patience. We can afford to be patient when we see the vision which hope paints of something better ahead. It is when that vision fades away, that patience becomes difficult.

Hope is of priceless value in disappointments and sorrows. Disappointments must come to every human being. So must sorrows.

> "Into all lives some rain must fall,
> Some days must be dark and dreary."

What can carry us serenely through the rain and the darkness to the sunshine beyond? Nothing but hope. Hope paints bows of promise on the darkest clouds that earth ever saw.

Even bereavement is illuminated by hope. Let the light of hope shine upon that strange and solemn mystery which we call death, and it is not death any longer, it becomes transition—a passing on from one room to another of our Father's house; and our dear ones are not lost, but only gone before, to await us in the mansions that are eternal.

Thus it is that hope leads sweetly up to trust—trust in a larger wisdom and love over all things and at the heart of all—guiding the stars in their courses, and watching the sparrow's fall,—a wisdom and a love which ensures

> "That somehow good,
> Shall be the final goal of ill;
> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void
> When God hath made his pile complete.
>
> . . . . That good shall fall,
> At last, far off, at last, to all,
> And every winter change to spring."

Thus you see how large a place hope has, and must have, in every life that is lived at its best, and that gains the true ends for which life has been given to man.

Hence you see, too, the importance of cultivating hope. More carefully than we water our flowers on these hot days, should we water the tender plants of hope that spring up in the soul. Hope culture takes its place as one of the highest and most important kinds of culture.

We should read hope-inspiring books; and put away from us, as we would poison, all those pessimistic writings which destroy hope for ourselves and the race.

We should choose for ourselves companions who inspire us with hope, and with that moral strength which comes from hope.

One of the greatest values of a noble religion is that it re-inforces hope—deepens it, gives it firmer foundations, lifts it up to take in eternal things, and broadens its horizon to take in infinite things. Among the various forms of religion that offer themselves to us, the wise man will choose that which lays the solidest basis for great and inspiring hopes.

Let us not be kept back from hope by the fear that hope is only illusion. Hope is more than illusion, it is prophecy. Man was made to hope. Hope is rational. Hope is of God. That power that made man what he is, moulded the hope faculty into him. It is a part of his being, and is to trusted, as his eyes are to be trusted, as his reason is to be trusted. It is to be trusted because it corresponds to reality As eyss were given man because he was in a universe where there are objects to see; and as reason was given him because he was in a rational universe, so hope was given him because he was in a universe where there would be forever beyond and above him the unattained, toward which he must look and press. Hope is God's voice in the human soul forever telling him of the unattained, and bidding him seek it.

The foundations of hope for man are deep and strong. They are laid in God and in man's own great nature. With a mind such as man's—kin to the Divine mind—no hopes are too lofty or too sublime for him rationally to cherish. With the whole evolutionary process of the worlds pointing to him, and so far as we can see culminating in him, it were folly to believe that any hopes less than the highest are grand enough to approximate the reality of what is before him in God's great plan. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the things that God hath prepared" for man his child.

As for the world—it is certainly moving on and up. Of this there can be no possible question. We get impatient sometimes because it does not move as fast as we want, or in the way which we, with our inch-long vision, mark out for it. But it moves in God's way, which is a great deal better. Truth is spreading on the earth, knowledge is increasing, right is conquering wrong, the kingdom of heaven is building. It is facts, not fancies that the poet utters when he sings:—

"Man is still onward striving,
All happy art is thriving,
The age of Good arriving,—
Give it scope!
The heights of being call us;
If doubt nor fear appall us
Life's splendor shall befall us.
Work and hope!

With faith and high endeavor,
Earth's saints have striven ever
The bonds of ill to sever,—
We may trust!
The might of Jesus' preaching,
The Prince of India's teaching,
All Plato's forward reading—
Win they must."

Such, then, may well be our hope for the world.

But how about ouselves as individuals? Have we personally reason for hope! The answer is plain. If only we will interpret the meaning of life deeply enough, and look at it in a large enough way, there is not one of us but that has reason for *great* hope. Outward disasters may come into our lives, which we cannot hinder. But even these will bring us inward good, if we will meet them in the right spirit. Out of these very experiences come those disciplines of the soul which make saints and heroes, and which lift up life to its sublimest altitudes.

And then the infinite perspective—we must not forget that! To-day is not all. To-morrow is not; nor next year, nor next century. Nor have we any reason to believe that this world is all. God's plans in the past stretch back into an infinity which we cannot fathom. We may be sure that they are as great in the future as in the past. So the field of hope for every individuai appears not to be less than the field of hope for the world.

The truth is, there is every reason for hope, and not a single reason for despair, for man, for the world, for you, for me, for every cause of good in the world, for everything that is true and right, however little men heed it to-day, for every man or woman, however low down or unfortunate may be his or her present condition. God has infinite time in which to work out his great plans. The universe has infinite resources. The wildest of all insanities in man is that which refuses to hope, and hope mightily.

This then is the thought that I want to leave with you to-day—the reasonableness of hope, the ground there is for hope, the duty of hope, the blessedness of hope, hope as life and salvation.

Do not forget the past. Do not lose interest in the past. Cherish the past and all its holy memories. But use the past to increase the worth of the future. Your chief concern and mine is not with what has been, but with what is, and what is to be. Let us throw our souls' best energies into these. Let hope be the sunshine of all our day,—hope which knows no discouragement or despair, no doubt or fear,—hope as all-embracing and eternal as God.

Recall.

Put up thy sword, O Nation grand and strong!
Call in thy fleet-winged missiles from the sea;
Art thou not great enough to suffer wrong,
Land of the brave, and freest of the free?

Put up thy sword: 'tis nobler to endure
Than to avenge thee at another's cost;
And while thy claim and purpose are made sure
Behold that other's life and honor lost.

Put up thy sword: it hath not hushed the cry
That called it, all too rashly, from its sheath;
Still o'er the fated isle her children lie,
And find surcease from anguish but in death.

Put up thy sword, O Country strong and free,
Let strife and avarice and oppression cease;
So shall the world thy Star of Empire see,
Resplendent, o'er the Heaven-touched hills of Peace.

—*H. Lavinia Bailey.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—It is not uncharitable to judge an act as good or bad, but we should be very slow to judge the actor bad.

MON.—All strife in manner, word, and deed, grow out of worldliness; and to this there is but just one antidote, and that is Other Worldliness.

TUES.—The king is the man that can, and they are kings in character who, as the combat deepens, still cry, "On, ye brave."

WED.—The world wants the best thing. It wants your best.

THURS.—Life has but one problem to solve: how self may be driven from the throne and love placed there in its stead.

FRI.—It is not enough that women should be home-makers, they must make the world itself a larger home.

SAT.—Balance of character, which is its highest culmination, cannot be adequately reached until mind, heart and hand, that splendid trinity, become co-ordinate, and move as smoothly as the wheels of the great Corliss engine.

—*Frances E. Willard.*

To every joy and sorrow
That draweth nigh this day,
As unto God's white angel
Thy reverent service pay;
Give each fair welcome to thy heart,
And it will bless thee ere it part.
—*F. Langbridge.*

Patty's Poppies.

You see Patty liked red. That's why she wore red dresses and big red hats and planted a whole big paper of red poppy seeds in her little garden beside the fence!

And every night Patty watered this garden and pulled out the tiny weeds, each and every one of them, and waited and watched and longed for her poppy plants to grow! But never a one could she find, although she hunted and hunted.

"I don't believe those poppies will ever come up, ever!" sighed little four-year-old Patty, sorrowfully. "An' it's 'cause the seeds were so little! They were all tiny wee baby seeds, 'most too little to grow!"

"Humph!" said Brother Ned. "It's 'cause you planted them away down deep!"

"Yes," declared Sister Sue, "an' it's 'cause you watered them so much you drowned them!"

But what do you guess Uncle John said? And he owns two large greenhouses and ever so many great gardens, and so he ought to know, my dear.

"Patty," he said, very solemnly, "it's because you pulled them up! You pulled up every weed and you pulled up every sprouted poppy seed!"

"Ha! ha!" shouted Brother Ned.

"He! he!" laughed Sue.

"O-oh!" said Patty, in surprise. And then she ran away to buy some more seeds, only this time they were nasturtiums. "For they'll be big enough to see them," she said.

—*Margaret Dane, in Youths Companion.*

MAMMA: "Were you late to school this morning, Willie? WILLIE: "Yes, ma'am, and I got a tidy mark for it, too."

A Dreaming Match.

Among the famous Indian traders of the past was George Galphin, whose trading station at Silver Bluff, South Carolina, was frequented by Indians from far and near. In "Bench and Bar of South Carolina" a characteristic anecdote is related of Mr. Galphin and an Indian chief.

Chief Mogoloch from beyond the Savannah River spent the night at Mr. Galphin's. In the morning the Indian said, "Me dream last night."

"Ah!" said Galphin, "What did my red brother dream?"

"Me dream you give me fine big rifle"—in Galphin's possession at the time.

The trader instantly passed the rifle to the chief, saying, "If you dreamed it, you must have it."

"Next morning Galphin said to the Chief, "I dreamed last night."

"What you dream?" asked Mogoloch.

"I dreamed you gave me the Chickasaw stallion"—which the chief was then riding.

"If you dream um you must have um," said the chief, and the horse was straightway transferred to the trader.

The next morning the Indian remarked, "I dream last night."

"What did my red brother dream?" was the inquiry.

"I dream," answered Mogoloch, "you gave me red coat you wear, and much calico."

"If you dreamed it you must have it," said Galphin, and the Indian received the red coat and calico.

"Next morning it was Galphin's turn. He said to the chief, "I dreamed last night."

"What you dream?" was Mogoloch's inquiry.

"I dreamed," replied Galphin, "you gave me ten miles of land around the Ogeechee old town."

"Wugh!" said the Indian; "If you dream, you must have um, but I dream with you no more."—*Youths' Companion.*

An Englishman, travelling in a remote part of Japan, was introduced to the chief Japanese poet, an old man over eighty. The old poet went to a cabinet, took out a book, and asked the stranger to read it to him. It proved to be pieces of "In Memoriam" which he had copied, and when the gentleman had read them, the aged poet thanked him and said:

"Though I do not know the words, their music speaks to me, and I know that I feel as the great poet felt when he wrote the poems. The music talks in a tongue that cannot be mistaken, and I know that the poems are beautiful. We talk to each other across the world."

Woolner, the sculptor, wrote to Tennyson about the Japanese poet; he knew the gentleman whose reading of the poems moved the old man to utter this singular expression of the truth that sound plays a great part in the meaning in all language. —*Youths' Companion.*

The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to like what one has to do.—*Miss Muloch.*

Much have I learned from my mother, more from my colleagues, most from my disciples.—*Hebrew Talmud.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion.

OPEN AIR WORKERS IN ANNUAL CONFERENCE.—A largely attended conference of the Open Air Workers' Association of America, was held in Boston, June 27th.

C. N. Hunt of Minneapolis represented the Young Peoples Societies. He said that young people with their winning, bright testimonies are needed in open air meetings. They have the best training for such work. Young Peoples' meetings are not an end in themselves, but a means to equip workers outside the church.

Rev. J. A. McElwain reported the meetings he held on the steps of the late Dr. A. J. Gordon's church, where audiences of four hundred gathered on pleasant evenings. They began with a fifteen minute song service, followed by a brief sermon and three minute testimonies. At the close of each service a large number followed the workers into the church where in an after-meeting, as many as six or eight would frequently seek the Lord. Similar meetings on church steps are practicable for all localities.

Dr. Alexander Blackburn of Cambridge, recommended outdoor preaching to pastors as beneficial to their health; as giving them opportunity to study the people, and as a school of criticism for their "fine" compositions. He said that men on the streets demand sermons on fundamental doctrines, and pastors, whose lifelong training has been in this line, should supply the demand.

Henry Varley of Australia, advocated preaching in the market places in conformity with the example of Christ and the Apostles. It cannot be denied that the working people do not care much for the churches, and the churches should overcome this barrier by going to the people.

MILWAUKEE.—L. J. Duncan joins with the other Ethical leaders in a week's retreat with Professor Adler in the Adirondacks, after which he returns promptly to Milwaukee. He will take part in the Tower Hill Summer School Grove Meeting.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE KINGDOM.—This is the title assumed by a circle of forward looking ministers and fellow-students who meet at their sixth annual conference at Marlborough, N. Y., August 1–5. The circle, we believe, began among a group of congenial Baptist ministers, but the bond of sympathy sought after can be inferred from the title they have chosen. The work seems to be more in the line of mutual culture and co-operative study than of popular propaganda. The progressive character of their work is indicated by the topics as well as by the speakers. Three series of papers will be offered, one series on "Liberty in Its Various Aspects, such as Political, Industrial, Social." There will be four papers on "Social Leaders, viz: Lamennais, Tolstoi, Mazzini, Wycliffe"; a third series on "Biblical Topics, viz: The New Testament's Line of Approach to Social Ethics, The Social Ideas of Paul, The Prophetic Office of the Pulpit," etc. There will also be papers on "The Prophets of Israel as Social Leaders," by Prof. Schmidt of Cornell University, "The Rural Population in the Social Movement," "Trades Unions in New York," "The Social Work of the Christian Church," etc., etc. It will certainly be a busy week but such a week as to make one wish he belonged to the "Brotherhood," and assuring that it will be a week that will make for the kingdom. Among the speakers we find the well-known names of Rev. J. M. Whiton of the Outlook, Henry D. Lloyd of Chicago, and others reaching from New Zealand to Massachusetts. Rev. Leighton Williams of New York City, the Corresponding Secretary of this organization, is to be at the Omaha Congress where we hope to learn more of this work and these workers. Surely this is the direction from which the kingdom is to come. Compared with these items how stale and unprofitable seem the discussions which still occupy too much of the ministerial mind, the questions of technical theology, textual criticism.

CHICAGO.—The corner stone of the "Home for Jewish Orphans" was laid last week at the corner of Sixty-second street and Drexel Ave. The home is to cost fifty thousand dollars, one-half of which was donated by Mr. Abraham Slimmer of Waverly, Ia., a modest and retiring philanthropist who has helped many beneficent institutions of this kind into being. The oration was delivered by Levi A. Eliel, Esq. The address is an eloquent justification of such institutions and of exaltation of the spirit that called them into being. This is well but there is still a better way. The same amount of money, care, intelligence and enthusiasm would provide for all the orphans that will gather here, in the private homes of our land where the little ones would be relieved from the debilitating life of an institution. God bless the many who put money into brick and mortar but more blessed are they who put money into ideas, into education of sense and sympathy that will make these homes unnecessary. * * * The Hull House has again found a benefactor in Miss Sarah Smith, who is to build a home for the Jane Club, a four-story building arranged for the convenience of thirty-five wage earning young women. The club is self-governed and self-supporting and they live comfortably at the rate of three dollars per week contributed to the common fund.

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